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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

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Choice Poetry.

THE BURSTING OF THE BUD.

Spring, coming—Spring is coming!
With her sunshine and her showers;
Heaven is ringing with the singing
Of the birds in leafy bowers;
Buds are filling, flowers are swelling,
Flowers on field, and blooms on tree!
O'er the earth, and air, and ocean,
Nature holds her jubilee.
Soft they coming, comes a feeling
O'er my bosom tenderly;
Sweet I ponder, as I wander,
For my message are of Thee.

Spring is coming—Spring is coming!
With her mornings fresh and light;
With her noon of clustered glory,
Sky of blue and clouds of white.
Calm, gray nightfall, when the light fails
From the one unchanging sky,
While the splendor, pale and tender,
Of the living moon glows on high.
Still at noon, at noon, and even,
Spring is full of joy for me,
For I ponder, as I wander,
And my message are of Thee.

Still on Time my thoughts are dwelling,
Whatever by Time may be;
Beautiful, beyond recalling,
Is thy presence now to me.
Mourning fresh this thou waking,
Wandering in the human's flight;
Nevermore the sunrise o'er Thee
Is a shower of sunny light;
Daylight dying, leaves Thee lying
In the silvery twilight on;
Stars look brightly on Thee nightly
Till the coming of the day.

Everywhere and every minute
Feel I now Thee, hoping yet;
In the lark and in the linnet
I can hear it praise me.
Rod and blooming mark the evening
Of thy first of the vale and hill;
And thy sorrow, with life's morrow
Makes the forest's heart to fill.
Love lies here I feel, I know Thee,
Love Creative, Thou I sing;
Now I meet Thee, hail I greet Thee
By the holy name of Spring.

Dublin Metrodisney.

Original Novelet.

VIOLA:
OR,
ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMERSON BENNETT,
Author of "Clarinda," "Mythic Mary," "Bertha the Maid of Unadilla," "Forest Monarch," "Prairie Flower," &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

HOMES.

"Away! away! away! from cheers for freedom! and to the far away South?"

Such was my musical enthusiasm, as I stood on the luxurious deck of one of the finest and fastest of those floating palaces of the Ohio and West, and beheld the beautiful city of Louisville, Kentucky, receding from my view. I could have shouted aloud for joy—I felt such ardent exhilaration! I was just in the prime of life, full of romance, in good health, and excellent spirits, and bound for adventure. I was free, free as the winds of heaven, to roam whithersoever my fancy inclined. More than a month had elapsed since I had bidden adieu to my friends in the Old Dominion, and the first keen pang of separation was over once. Not that I had forgotten them? I had left behind me a host—no—memory of them could only cease with death; but the pain of parting was beginning to be dulled by absence, and I felt like enjoying the present with the fullest zest, and trusting to God for the future. That future! that unexplored point of time! shut in by a veil through which no mortal eye can penetrate! Little have then seen it—could I then have known—But let me not anticipate.

From my youth up, I had longed for novelty—to travel—to go abroad and see the world for myself—and now the great desire of my life was being gratified. And so it would have been much longer, had not a fond mother's heart, and but I was under age, and my father inexorable.

"Well, sir!" he would say, whenever I addressed the proposition: "you can have a pony—a feeble boy—and don't know your own mind. Wait, sir, till you have attained your majority—and then you will be your own master, and can do as you please."

"And depend upon it, father," I would reply, not altogether in the most submiss mood—"depend upon it, I shall make good use of my freedom!"

And here, reader, as I trust we are to make a pleasant pilgrimage together, it may be as well that you know something of one who is to be your companion. I have nothing of note, to be sure; but I see no good reason why you should be alike ignorant of myself—more especially as I am extremely anxious to get into your good graces at the start. I will not detain you long—for I abhor a family yarn, spun out to the length and with the minuteness of the log of a down trader' ordinary; and, besides, we shall have amusement and adventure enough on our journey, I hope, to keep us busy. Without more circumlocution, consider yourself seated by the button.

In the first place, let me tell you, that we in the "Old Dominion," have a certain affinity to the mania—innocuous as, in my small opinion, it shine by colonial light—or, in other words, our standard of respectability is established by our ancestors; and as the great majority of we are all of the "first families," the precedence of superiority is accorded to the longest line of pedigree. In this regard, if in no other, I am about as respectable as my neighbors; and, with this conclusion, as you will be likely to find. I gratulogically belong to that honorable class of individuals, known as the Cavaliers, who originated in this country in the time of Cromwell; and, therefore, were, I know, I boast, of the best blood of Old Virginia—though shrewd, I find it just as well to say nothing about it.

My father inherited the name of Walton, and, at the death of his father, an estate worth fifty thousand dollars, exclusive of slaves enough to work the plantation—so that in the good things of this world I could not be said to have come in for a share at the start. He married an estimable and accomplished lady, who bore him three children—myself the youngest, and your humble servant. Alas! to give me life, her own was sacrificed, and therefore I never enjoyed the blessing of a beautiful my maternal mother. My infancy was taken charge of by a black mamy, and as I grew in years and knowledge, my affections were pretty equally divided between Old Moll, as we termed her, and my nearest kin. If I was in trouble, who so ready to listen to my childish sorrows as Old Moll? and who so ready with kind and soothing words? If I wanted a particular favor of my father, Old Moll was the medium through which I obtained it. If I was guilty of a wrong action, and my father sought to correct me, you should have seen Old Moll interpose her black, burly figure between me and my paternal parent, and beg me off with some such words as these:

"Now-now don't, please, Massa Walton, dis time, don't! Little Hal no eat! 'Sides, he 'sheed, he berry sick, mean—he catch chee an' much cold all last night, do poor chile! Now, Massa, he got 'tummajory inflemation of de stomach, an' he bowels, de congestions; and he nebber do so again, for I nebber 'low him to eat weed 'n honey, gone as gospel!" and seeing the hesitation vanishing on the part of my father, she would generally establish it peace, by catching me up in her arms and bearing a hasty retreat from the seat of war.

I did not always escape unscathed, it is true; for sometimes the well-meant pleadings of Molly made me laugh outright; and then I generally got the punishment I deserved. Poor Old Moll! how I loved her! and even now I recall her good-natured, shrewd, twinkling eye, and tears in my eyes.

As the reader has doubtless anticipated, I was an educated Hoosy; but for a long time I answered to no other appellation than Hal, generally with the adjective, little, prefixed; and in this day, with a stature of twenty six feet, and a weight of thirteen stone, the elder citizens of Kentucky would never think of addressing me save as Little Hal. Among my playmates and schoolmates, I was sometimes termed Hasty; but they generally adopted the shortest child-appellation; and as for Hoosy, I never heard anybody call me by that name, save, and there by a very staid, precise, and venerable Methodist gentleman. For the matter of that, indeed, Hoosy, I might as well have been christened Bartholomew, Nicodemus, or Melancholy-ass.

As for my education, it was tolerably fair, as the world goes. I was never much of a bookworm; but I could read, write, cipher, "cypher," run, jump, ride a horse, shoot a rifle, and play white or die fields, billiards on the table, with the best of them. I fear the reader will think some of the better of the list a little vanity-full accomplishments; but I must speak the truth, and console myself with the reflection, that if he don't like me as I am, he is at liberty to turn me for him to cut my acquaintance. As to personal appearance, Old Moll always maintained that "young Massa Walton was just de handsomest black boy in Kentucky," which was equivalent to saying in all the world, for her geographical knowledge extended not beyond the limits of the Blue Grass State. And my father, pointed her on this point when at home, I see no good reason why I should quarrel with her opinion now that we are separated.

My twenty-first anniversary, I duller myself, was celebrated to a style worthy of my ancestors and their descendants. The next day I felt myself, and kept my bed. For a period I was convalescent, much to my own delight and Old Molly, who, out of pure kindness, would have killed me in a week with soups and gruel. My father now called me into the library.

"Well, Hal, you are free! and at my banket, as Hotspur says, you will be a man of consequence! Have you decided on your course, Hoosy Walton?"

"It will do for the present," I answered.

"Ah, what do you intend to set yourself about first?"

"Packing my trunks, paying my score, and bidding you good-by!"

"You are determined to go abroad then?"

"With your permission, sir."

"I have no control over you, my boy! But for what part of the country do you intend?"

"I have not yet decided."

"Well, my son, may the good God watch over you, and preserve you from harm! I—I—my father walked out of the library at a quicker pace than usual.

In a week every thing was prepared for my journey, and one fine morning I found myself on board the steamer, in the midst of scenes never more I had anticipated—but I was not destined to be long unhappy. Youth and health will recoil, and spoke the parting words in a manner that was positively commanded. I felt a choking in my throat, and I cried to check it down, but that only made it worse. My father had stepped forward, and was about to say something, when Old Moll, who, out of pure kindness, would have killed me in a week with soups and gruel, My father now called me into the library.

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"Well, my son, may the good God watch over you, and preserve you from harm!" My

FORM OF COAL FIELDS.

We have received the following account of the new theory respecting the form of coal fields in Schuylkill county, which, it is said, has been so successfully tested.

COAL BASINS.

The New Theory Proved in Schuylkill County.

The term "basin" is used to express the form of all coal fields, because the coal lies always somewhat in the form of such a utensil. The Schuylkill coal field is over three miles wide, by about sixty long. It used to be thought to contain about one hundred seams of coal, one on top of the other; the upper veins being small red-ash, the middle gray-ash, and the bottom large white-ash—this last having much more thickness of coal than the other two united and being more valuable otherwise, for its comparative freedom from faults. The diagram marked No. 1 explains the idea.

This made out that the coal field was one basin; and the greatest part of it was valued only for the small red-ash veins on top, because the big white-ash veins were supposed to be so deep as to be out of reach by any remunerating expenditure.

The cross-lined spaces represent the rocks that separate the bottom tier, the middle and the top; i. e., the white-ash seams, the gray-ash, and the red-ash. And that small portion of the basin to the left, which contains only the bottom layers, has been supposed the only part of the coal-field where the large white-ash veins were workable, because there they came up close to the surface.

Latterly, Mr. McGinness, of Pottsville, has held the theory that the diagram No. 2 is a true cross-section of the coal-field, showing seven basins instead of one, (three only being represented in the drawing,) and thrusting up in ridges the big bottom-white-ash coal seams, to cheap and easy-working depths, making the red-ash land by far the most valuable; and showing that some dozen-and-a-half of seams, by often folding, appear as one hundred separate veins. To test the theory, the point of such a ridge or saddle in the red-ash, was bored last year to the depth of a few hundred feet, on the Delaware Company's land, without any satisfactory proof; it being supposed that the instrument passed through a faulty fracture.

Another perpendicular proof-shaft has just been sunk in the red-ash range, below St. Clair, on Mr. Carey's land, which, after passing through the two middle gray-ash veins, has, at the depth of 400 feet from the surface, revealed the first big white-ash vein, 28 feet thick, and of splendid quality; which was the thing to be demonstrated.

The dotted, curved line, under No. 2, shows how deep the lower seams would have laid, but for thus saddling up, and it will be seen also that the quantity of coal is much increased according to the superficial area of the basins, by this folding and saddling.

We want figures to estimate the immense addition thus given to the value of the whole Schuylkill coal-field.—*Ledger.*

WOMAN IN CALIFORNIA.

We have before us (says the Boston Traveller) a private letter from a *lady*, though a hard-working woman, in California. It would interest our readers, we have no doubt, as it has us, were we at liberty to publish it entire. The writer appears to keep a restaurant or eating house, in a mining village. Among her visitors she accidentally discovers the son of an old Connecticut acquaintance, and finding he was endeavoring to induce his father and mother to visit California, she writes this letter to encourage them forward. After an introductory explanation of who she was, and where they became acquainted with each other, she goes on:

"Mr. B——, a few weeks since, told me he had received a letter that read as though his father had some notion of trying our golden El Dorado. I urged him to encourage the idea of coming, not knowing who you were. I now more than ever approve the plan; for unless you are changed from what you were, you would readily adapt yourself to California accommodations, which are princely now in comparison with what they were when I came. And what is still more, if I mistake not, you would put your own shoulder to the wheel of Fortune, and in California a woman never puts her shoulder to the wheel in vain. Labor is no disgrace, but on the contrary, a credit to a woman in California. Your only trouble would be, in most kinds of business, you would, while things remain as they are, be obliged to work on Sunday. Saturday is my hardest day in the week, and Sunday next. We have but one church in the town, and that is a Methodist, and I have never been inside of it, for I have no one to leave for one minute with business. But it would be better with you, and I hope it will be with me when my brother's people get here. B—— can tell his father what a man can do better than I can. I can tell you what a woman has done, and what others are doing.

"I have made $18,000 worth of pies—about one-third of this has been clear profit. One year I dragged my own wood off the mountains and chopped it, and I have never had so much as a child to take a step for me in the country. $11,000 I baked in one little iron skillet, a considerable portion by a camp fire, without the shelter of a tree from the broiling sun. But now I have a good cooking-stove, in which I bake four pies at a time, a comfortable cabin, carpeted, and a good many 'Robinson Crusoe' comforts about me, which, though they have cost nothing, yet they make my place look habitable. I also hire my wood hauled and chopped. I bake, on an average, about twelve hundred pies per month, and clear $200. This, in California, is not thought much, and yet, in reality, few in comparison are doing as well. I have been informed there are some women in our town clearing $50 per week at washing, and I cannot doubt it. There is no labor so well paid as women's labor in California. It is hard work to apply one's self incessantly to toil, but a few years will place you above want, with a handsome independency. I intend to leave off work the coming Spring, and give the business into the hands of my sister-in-law. Not that I am rich, but I need little, and have none to toil for but myself. I expect to go home some time during the present year, for a short visit, but I could not be long content away from the sunny clime of this yellow land. A lovelier or more healthy climate could not be, and when I get a few friends about me, I think I shall be nearly happy again. I suppose C. C. B—— has described the face of the country to you a hundred times; so I will conclude by wishing and hoping that you will be in California before you are pinched in at the North by the cold of another winter. If you do not come, I should be obliged, if you could find time, to write me occasionally.

"Your old friend, L. A. S."

As a pendant to the above, we give the following—proving that all the *men* are not so flourishing as "L. A. S.:"—

"A letter to the Boston Journal says that hundreds of mechanics are flocking into California, who generally arrive there without a dime, after paying expenses of passage, &c. He says—'I have had at least a *hundred men to offer to work for me for their board*, and you can hire as many as you want for from $40 to $50 per month, and on that sum no man can live out here, when provisions are as high as they are now. A man earning seventy-five cents a day in the Eastern cities,' he says, 'is better off than one receiving three or four dollars in California.'

"'Since last July I have slept on the ground, with merely a blanket over me, and when it was raining in torrents, a piece of board to keep me from the wet, and an old tent to keep the thickest off my head. I have lived like a nigger, and worked like a slave, and you know how much of the stuff called gold I have been able to send home. If it had not been for my pride, I should have been home long ago. No one knows what I have suffered—sometimes even for food, and with nothing but the blue canopy of Heaven to cover me at night. You will see in the papers accounts of rich discoveries made out here. Some of them are true, but by testing nine out of ten would not pay a man a dollar a day. At the present time there are some seventy miners round my bridge, and they do not average one dollar per day, and it is so all over the mines.'"

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1852.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, - - -	$5 00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00	"
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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the *postage is just the same on a first-class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARGARET ELLIS. This tale is respectfully declined.

TO CORRESPONDENTS IN GENERAL. We do not hold ourselves bound to return manuscript sent to us for inspection. The best plan is for writers to make a copy of their articles, and hold on to the original manuscript. The chances of rejection are about ninety-nine in the hundred.

VIOLA;

OR, ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST.

We publish this week the opening chapters of Mr. Bennett's novelet, which we think our readers will admit, are written in a fine, spirited style, and give token of a very interesting story.

We have added a reasonable number of copies to our usual large edition, in order to supply back numbers of the story to new subscribers. We anticipate quite a rush for Viola.

POST OFFICE STAMPS.

As the Philadelphia Post Office, acting under instructions, declines purchasing any more postage stamps of publishers, our subscribers will please send hereafter all small amounts in specie, instead of in stamps. Small silver coin, and gold coin, can be sent very readily inclosed in letters—wafering or pasting it so that it will not slip out. Notes of all solvent banks, of any denomination, received with a warm welcome as usual.

The reason given by the Post Office Department for not repurchasing its stamps any longer, is that the stamps become so attached to each other, in their passage through the mails, as to render their separation very difficult, and sometimes almost impossible, without defacement.

JAPAN.

[illegible] the [illegible] *National News*, that there was a long debate recently in the Senate, upon a resolution offered by Mr. Borland, demanding of the President information as to the objects of the Japan Expedition.

The country owes Mr. Borland thanks for offering and earnestly pressing such a resolution. The plea that the interests of the country will suffer by giving publicity to the objects of the Expedition in question, is better fitted for a monarchical than a republican Government. This publicity is useful as a preventative of all unjust and unscrupulous designs for the supposed advancement of our interests, by the federal Government. The people want not—if a certain portion of the mercantile community does—the promotion of our trade at the expense of our character for justice and honor. There is great reason for supposing, from the speeches of certain Senators, and the defences of the Expedition published by certain papers, that this Japan Expedition is nothing more nor less than a Government "filibustering" one—its object being simply Japan instead of Cuba. Read the following from the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger, a gentleman generally well posted-up in such matters:—

It is absurd to suppose that with the settlement of our Western coast and the development of power and civilization on any considerable portion of the continent which borders on the Pacific Ocean, Japan can continue in her present seclusion and inertia. If the whole world were as stagnant as Japan, the history of mankind, and the expansion of the human intellect would have reached its *terminus*, and men might as well lie down and die, or lead a mere animal and vegetable life for the remainder of their days.

We do not ask Japan to take opium, whiskey, brandy, or other poisons; we are willing to buy their coal, and we want them to recognise in us the dignity of the human race, and the civilization which unites all nations into a family. Japan, within the last three hundred years, has been gradually converted from heathenism to Bhuddism, which is a far better soil for the seed of Christianity than the philosophy of *Con-fu-tse*, which constitutes the Deism of the Chinese *literati*. We ask of the Japanese nothing but the exercise of the rights of hospitality, as practised more or less by all Eastern nations. If Japan refuses them; it is she who assumes a hostile attitude toward the civilized nations of the earth, and who must be held responsible for the consequences which will ensue through the progress of ages. Our intercourse with Asia requires that we should be on terms with Japan, and that these terms should be secured by treaty. The world cannot stand still because Japan is unwilling to move.

One thing is very certain, either that the above mode of argument is utterly false and worthless, or that the doctrine that every nation has a right to regulate its own affairs, is foolish and visionary. We trust that the Administration does not hold such views as we have quoted; but the country has a right to know what opinions it does hold. It is clear to the commonest comprehension, that the "law of nations" cannot pledge us both to Non-Intervention with powerful Russia, and to Armed-Intervention with weak Japan. And for our own part, we would rather the Administration would err in republican boldness towards Russia, than in commercial arrogance towards any weak, half-civilized power.

We do not deny our right to demand of Japan merciful treatment of our sailors shipwrecked upon her coasts—but we do emphatically deny, and utterly scorn, all claims that she is bound either to sell us coal, or to open a trade with us of any kind whatsoever. Her right to do as she pleases in these respects is so clear, that nothing but her comparative weakness allows it to be called into question. And of all the mean things that have been done by nations within the last four years, we know of none meaner than would be the refusal of Republican America to interfere in the great European quarrel between Liberty and Despotism, and then send out an armed expedition against a weak state like Japan for the promotion of *trade*.

A NEW COLOSSUS OF RHODES.—The New Jersey Legislature, at its recent session, authorized the Camden and Amboy Company (or, rather, the joint companies,) to aid in building the Belvidere, the Jamesburg, and the Flemington railroads. The joint companies already own, we believe, the Mount Holly Railroad, in addition to their original two roads. When all are completed, they will thus be the principal owners and controllers of six railroads—a regular "Colossus of *Roads*."

NOTICE.—The widow or other heirs of George W. Pettit, who died in the State of Illinois, in 1838–9, may gain some valuable information by applying at this office. Our contemporaries of Philadelphia and Lancaster may aid the cause of justice, by giving this notice an insertion.

CAMPHENE.

Last week we inserted some opinions relative to camphene from the lecture of a scientific gentleman, among which was the statement that it was *not* explosive. Since then we have met with the statements of other scientific gentlemen, of an exactly opposite character. Professors Booth and Morfit, of this city—than whom few chemists stand higher—in a recent report of the Smithsonian Institute, upon improvements in the chemical arts, say:—

There is no doubt that burning fluids may be safely used by those who understand the conditions of their explosiveness, or who exercise care in their use; but *since their tendency to explosion cannot be prevented*, and since knowledge and care will not generally attend their use by the public, they should be abandoned.

Professor Horsford, of Cambridge, who instituted in 1850 a series of experiments in relation to burning fluid, says, in his communication to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences:

The burning fluids, as a class, are rectified spirits of turpentine, (camphene,) or turpentine with a mixture of alcohol, or some other inflammable body readily mixing with these. The general principle that a mixture of highly combustible gas with oxygen or atmospheric air is explosive, suggested the following experiments. A current of air was directed into the upper part of a loosely stoppered laboratory glass spirit lamp while burning, causing thereby a mixture of alcohol vapor and air to rush past the flame. After a moment or two the jet took fire, and was instantaneously followed by explosion. This result was invariable. After permitting a drop of alcohol, in a large glass flask with a small neck, to evaporate for a moment, and applying flame to the mouth, explosion resulted generally, though not invariably. A variety of burning fluid, in extensive use, said by the venders not to explode, was subjected to similar experiments with still less affirmative results. *They were, however, sufficient to show that explosions with it are possible.* It is then conceivable that, when the proper relative amounts of the vapor of burning fluid and atmospheric air are mixed together, as they may be in the upper part of a partially filled lamp, and a flame is brought sufficiently near, explosion must result. If the quantity of mixed gases be large, the explosion may cause destruction of the containing vessel, or, if that remain entire, it may drive out a portion of fluid, which, taking fire, may cause more or less injury. The accidents have ordinarily occurred during the fillings of lamps from the can, and *always in the presence of flame from a burning lamp or other source.* The course of safety is to fill the lamps in the absence of flame, by daylight for example; in which case no explosion can occur.

A correspondent of the "Lynn News," who furnishes the above quotations, says farther:

Perhaps it is best to abandon their use; but as from their great cleanliness, readiness of lighting, constancy and brilliancy of flame, this is not likely, the next best thing certainly is, that persons using fluid should be impressed with the necessity of guarding against accident, by employing such lamps as have tops fitting perfectly tight, and opening them only in the absence of flame. If my own experience is worth anything, I may say that for several years past I have used a lamp charged with strong alcohol, a material as dangerous, certainly, as burning fluid, without the occurrence of more than two explosions; and both of these happened when I was imprudent enough to attempt filling the lamp while burning. With regard to the possibility of the spontaneous explosion of burning fluid, "at a certain heat," I may mention that the ordinary fluid has been repeatedly and continuously boiled in a glass tube without the least sign of explosion, and some, it is said, are distilled in the process of their manufacture.

We have thus put our readers in the possession of a good deal of information upon the subject of camphene, and they must determine for themselves as to whether its advantages more than balance its dangers. We think they do not; but then, perhaps, we love our wife and children better than some men.

THE MAGNETOSCOPE.

Some months since we copied, if we remember rightly, a condensed account, derived from "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal," of an instrument called the Magnetoscope. In a late number of the "Journal," we find the following:—

"THE MAGNETOSCOPE."—In No. 415 of this Journal, we printed a paper with the above title, merely as one likely to excite interest, but warning the reader that we did not ourselves vouch for its statements. This caution appears to have been very necessary; for Dr. Madden—the substance of whose lecture was given in the article—now declares, that "very shortly after its delivery, he, in common with many others, detected a serious fallacy in the whole series of experiments; and that, by prosecuting his inquiry in this new direction, he ascertained that not one of the hitherto recorded experiments can be looked upon as proving the existence of *magnetic currents* at all." The pendulations, it seems, are caused solely by "*slight mechanical impulsions*, unconsciously or half consciously conveyed to the instrument by the luckless experimentalist."

In connection with the above, we may refer to a curious experiment that we believe [illegible] the country for years, but which we never were made acquainted with till recently. Take a common iron or brass key, and place the lower portion between the leaves of a book of moderate weight, tying a string tightly around the book to keep the key fast, so that it will not slip out. Then let two persons support the key (with the book attached) by each placing one end of the ring of the key upon the tip of his fore finger—letting the key rest lightly upon the ends of the fingers. Then let one of the parties steadily and firmly *will* the key to turn around either to the right or to the left—the other person remaining passive—and the key will gradually turn as directed, until it slips off, without any apparent or perceptible motion of the fingers.

That the key will thus turn, any one can easily satisfy himself. But whether it is effected by the magnetic influence of the will, or by an unconscious and imperceptible motion communicated by the party who wills, to his finger, we are unable to say.

ANOTHER BOLD STROKE.—Whatever else Louis Napoleon may be, he is no coward. He recently decreed the conversion of the national five per cent. stock (which amounts to about $750,000,000) into stock paying only four and a-half per cent.—those of the holders who are not satisfied, to have the principal of their loan paid back by the government. It is supposed the stockholders generally will submit to the change, though not without many imprecations, "not loud but deep." The Paris correspondent of the Morning Chronicle says that "of the numerous measures with which Louis Napoleon has astonished the *bourgeoisie* of France, none has created so great a sensation, and among the middle classes such intense indignation, as this decree. It touches the pockets of the whole community, as there is scarcely a family that will not be affected by the measure, for the five per cents. have always been the favorite investment of the retired tradesman and small capitalist throughout France. Tradesmen, servants, and laborers consider the measure a robbery." We see thus far, however, none of these odious features about it. It seems to us a "fair business transaction," which will save the French Treasury annually over three and a-half millions of dollars.

THE DECLINE OF PHILADELPHIA.—The New York Herald has found out another reason for the speedy decline of Philadelphia. It says that the coal-basins of Schuylkill County are nearly exhausted, and that, with the loss of these, Philadelphia will lose her superiority as a manufacturing city.

As the "Herald" seems to be somewhat in want of reasons, we will suggest another, about equally plausible:—The exhaustion of the Delaware River. Any one who visits our wharves can see what a great amount of water is flowing out every minute; and it is not probable that a few little springs up among the mountains, can continue to furnish such an immense supply as is hourly needed. We expect to hear before long, that one of the reporters of the "Herald" has been seen with a two-foot rule, and a slate, at the sources of the Delaware, engaged upon a measurement of the springs, and a calculation of how long it will take for the river to run dry.

COMPLIMENTARY TO THE SOUTH AND WEST.—The Boston "Post" thus accounts for the large trade done by the merchants of our "declining" city this Spring:

"It is well-known that a certain class of buyers from the South and West go to New York one year, Philadelphia the next, Boston and Baltimore the next, and so on, the reason being an inability to pay their debts. New York had much of this trade last season, Philadelphia has got a good deal of it now, and, generally speaking, the less there is done of it, the better for the seller."

The above reminds us of a passage in one of the songs sung by the Hutchinsons:—

"Potatoes, they grow very small,
Over there!"

WEBSTER ON INDIA RUBBER.—In his speech at Trenton, on the India Rubber case, Mr. Webster said:—

"I look to the time when ships shall traverse the ocean propelled with India rubber sails! I look to the time when the ships that sail over the world shall have India rubber sheathing! I look to the time when this substance shall be applied to thousands of different uses!"

We wonder that Mr. Webster did not add to the above, that he also looked to the time when India rubber should be manufactured into consciences for lawyers, statesmen and politicians—It certainly would save a great waste of the *raw* material.

HOMESTEAD EXEMPTION.

An Ohio correspondent differs from Judge Dillahunty, of Tennessee, relative to Homestead Exemption. He pictures a case where one party avails himself of such a law, and refuses to return borrowed money; the party who has loaned the money being sold out because he is too honest to avail himself also of the law.

We would inform our Ohio friend that, frame laws as you will, rogues will manage to defraud the unsuspecting and confiding. As to the honesty which leads a man to sacrifice *all*—even to the beds upon which his children sleep—for his creditors, we have more to say than we can at present find time for. That a man is bound to pay his debts is true,—and at every reasonable sacrifice. That he is bound to do like

"Margery Daw,
Who sold her bed and lay in the straw,"

we do not believe. To pay debts is a high, but not the very highest, duty—if it were, the prospect ahead of many of our subscribers would be a very forlorn one. The law in this country always has forbidden that the debtor should be stripped of his all. We question whether the ultra opinions of what a debtor is bound to do, held by some men upon this subject, be not as much the result of a long life of Mammon-worship, and covetousness, as of any high principle of justice. There is a parable of our Saviour's upon the relation of debtor and creditor, which is a very instructive one. There is also a passage in the "Lord's Prayer," which is equally instructive.

We hope no comfortable debtor will take the above remarks as any justification of his laxity in paying his debts. The man that *can* pay—without a sacrifice of those things which may be fairly considered family necessities—and does not, is little better than a thief. Let him depend upon it, that nothing in the world is surer than this: All debts, that are not forgiven, MUST BE PAID. The longer the payment is delayed, the heavier will be the penalty. "'Out of your pocket, or out of your hide,' (says a forcible writer,) is a great law of the Universe."

CALIFORNIA.

In another column we give two views—seen from male and female stand-points—of California. Here is another, from a letter dated Feb. 29th:—

"I have a comfortable cottage, and six good rooms, and no fire place, nor do I need any. Poor frozen souls of the North, what do you think of such seasons? Vegetables, the largest in the world, (and I have seen the Mississippi Valley) grow the whole year round. There is no Spring time to plant. Gardeners raise vegetables the year through. California must be the greatest State in the Union. We have a very healthy climate, sickness is very rare among us, and why any unemployed man should be contented to eke out an existence in the Atlantic States, who has arms with which to labor, is to me a puzzle. California has proven itself to be no humbug. The quartz mines, when properly worked, will give employment to thousands of men, and will show that the gold is inexhaustible."

Our deliberate opinion about California, after a great deal of examination and reflection, is this:—The climate is one of the finest and most wretched in the world. The chances of success and of starving are very great indeed, in fact remarkable. The probabilities are that three men out of every four that go there, will come home very rich and with not a cent in their pockets. As to the healthiness of California, there can be no doubt—a hundred accounts, all from persons of undoubted intelligence and veracity, represent it to be one of the most salubrious and deadly countries that a stranger can visit. Every one who lands at San Francisco immediately experiences the wonderfully invigorating and prostrating effects of its gentle and tornado-like breezes.

FOR WHOOPING COUGH.—A contemporary gives the following alleged remedy for this troublesome complaint:—

A gentleman who has tested it, says the following is a certain remedy for whooping cough, always breaking it after the use of the medicine for three days, viz.: 4 ounces flax seed, 8 ounces lemons, boiled together in half a gallon of water. To be well strained, bottled tightly, and kept in a cool place. Dose, a table-spoonful six times a day, to be given always after the cough ceases.

A simple remedy like the above, we are always pleased to publish—knowing that if it does no good, it will do but little harm. Remedies of an opposite character we are rather shy about giving publicity to. It is very doubtful whether if the manufacture and sale of all remedies—of course including the quack and patent ones—were rigidly interdicted by law, the health of the nation would not rather gain than lose by the proceeding. We do not mean to say that *judicious* medical treatment is not productive of good, but that there is [illegible] amount of injudicious treatment, and [illegible] swallowing of poisonous drugs upon every slight occasion, trusting to medicine for what should be done by a careful diet, exercise, or bathing—that it is a question if medicines on the whole do as much good as harm. One thing is certain, the more ignorant people are, other things being equal, the more prone they are to swallowing large and frequent doses of medicine. The cultivated classes, on the other hand, have more faith in fresh air, exercise, a simple diet, and pure water, than in physic.

A GOOD IDEA.—A bill has been introduced into Congress by Mr. Fayette McMullen, giving to members of Congress a salary of $1,500 a year, instead of the present allowance of $8 a day. This idea of a yearly salary, in the place of a daily allowance, is a capital one. It would have a great tendency to shorten the sessions, as every speech for Bunkum, and long-winded palavering generally, would be at the expense of the members themselves. Congress would demand, we think, of every speaker, under the new arrangement, short, condensed and direct speeches. Men who could not talk to the point, would be made to feel that their business was to vote, and counsel, but not to speak. So favorable are we to a yearly salary, that we would not grumble if it was fixed at the very highest sum ever given under the present arrangement. We hope Mr. McMullen will urge his resolution upon the attention of his fellow members, and that sensible men of all parties will support it.

THE ART UNIONS.—Judge Duer, in the Superior Court of New York, refused the motion of J. G. Bennett for a permanent injunction. "The Judge explained at some length the legal reasons which he had for deciding that not only the plaintiff, but that no subscriber to the Art Union, is entitled to recover his investment in the manner sought in this case. As to the issue whether the Art Union is a lottery, within the meaning of the prohibitory statute against games of chance, the Judge expressed no opinion, for the reason that the plaintiff had no right to raise such an issue, the property of a lottery being vested in the State by the statute, and not in individuals. The Judge remarked, however, to the effect that he had formed an opinion, which, under circumstances requiring it, he should not hesitate to express."

KOSSUTH AT NEW ORLEANS.—He arrived unexpectedly, and was waited on soon afterwards by the Mayor and a Committee of citizens. Kossuth replied to their civilities that he had been misunderstood in the South, and was glad that he now had an opportunity to remove such erroneous impressions. He desired repose, and time for reflection, before entering into any engagement to appear in public.

We see it stated that Kossuth was to leave New Orleans on the 1st for Charleston, by the way of Mobile. A late Liverpool paper, says: "We understand that a house in Ladbrooke Square, Kensington, London, has been taken by M. Kossuth, whose family is expected to take possession on the 1st of May."

CAFFIR PUNISHMENTS.—The culprit is rubbed all over with grease; he is then taken to an ant-hill, against which he is placed and secured to the ground. The ant-hill is then broken, and the ants left to crawl over him and eat his flesh from his bones, which they do in time most effectually.

Mr. Evans, of Md., a gentleman of whom we expected better things, lately denominated the abolition of flogging in the navy "sickly sentimentality." He said that he had voted for the abolition of the lash—but was sorry for it. Probably the above Caffir mode of punishment would please Mr. E. That is not open to the charge of "sickly sentimentality"—it is, rather, *sickening brutality.*

SOUTHERN GARDENS.—The New Orleans Delta boasts of green peas, new potatoes and strawberries—all the growth of the present season. Has the Delta no consideration of the feelings of its friends in the North, whose gardens have just softened sufficiently to get a spade in, that it gives publicity to statements like the above?

No matter, one of these days we will insert a paragraph upon our delicious June weather, which will fill the breasts of the sweating Louisianians with the most tormenting kind of envy.

THE IRISH STATE PRISONERS.—The Dublin "Freeman's Journal" contains a report that the Irish exiles have been or are to be liberated, subject to the condition that they are not to return to any part of the British islands. We hope it is true. The only sufferers by their unfortunate movement were themselves. Its effect upon British supremacy in Ireland was to strengthen and solidify it. The British Government owed them thanks rather than punishment.

A VIOLATED TREATY.—We see it stated that the Treaty of November, 1816, between Austria, Russia, Prussia and England, stipulated that "Napoleon Bonaparte and *his family*, shall be forever excluded from Supreme Power in France, which exclusion the contracting parties bind themselves to maintain in full vigor, and, should it be necessary, with their whole force." Some say, we know not with how much truth, that Louis Napoleon is *not* of the family of the Bonapartes. We suppose, however, he would hardly offer a plea like this. It may, moreover, be a slander—the European world being greatly given to this kind of lying.

PROFIT OF LECTURING.—During the past season, E. P. Whipple lectured fifty-three times, for which he received not less than $1,000 above expenses, and Dr. O. W. Holmes lectured fifty-seven times, and received over $1,100 profit. We copy this statement reluctantly, knowing that it will set all the fools in the country at delivering lectures.

CLERKS.—There are about one thousand persons employed under the United States Government in the City of Washington, doing the work probably of about five hundred, and getting the pay of about two thousand.

Our Correspondents

THE WHITE FISH OF THE LAKES.

The white fish come from Lake Erie up the Detroit River regularly every fall to deposit their spawn, and have done so for centuries, or ever since the lakes and rivers were formed. They were found here in great quantities when the white man first visited these waters, and the Indian tradition says that the great Manitoo was very good to them, for He made the lakes and rivers, and filled them with many kinds of fish for them. This was the principal food for the Indian and white voyagers as they coasted around the lakes and up the rivers, for often they could [illegible] other food, and they found them so abundant in all these waters, that they could catch a supply at any time, and in many parts of this Western country, about the lakes and rivers, fish was the principal food for the first settlers, for their little crops fail or come short, they could depend upon the fish, for they never failed. In the early settlements of this country, bordering on the rivers and lakes, the first settlers received more benefit from the fish as food than is generally known or credited—as many parts of this country are some years in advance from that it would have been if they had not found fish so abundant in all these waters. The State of Michigan receives more income from her fresh water fisheries than all the other States in the Union; the annual amount of fish caught in this State is about three hundred thousand dollars, and the white fish are the principal fish. These fish always have been a favorite with the Indians—they would give many times their weight in trout, or any other kind of fish, in exchange for them, and a person can live longer on the white fish alone than any other kind of fish found in the fresh waters.—They are the staff of life or the bread of the lakes, and there is more in value of the white fish caught in the lakes than all the other kinds of fish. The weight of a common white fish is three pounds and common length fifteen inches, though there are some caught in the lakes much larger, weighing eighteen pounds—they live to be about fifty years of age—they have a sucker mouth, and they live by suction, and on very delicate food. These fish are juicy and fine flavored. They are a harmless and a beautiful fish; no teeth, fins or thorns to wound your hands; and when they are first taken out of the water, as they flounce and twist on the shore in the sun, they show all the changeable colors of the rainbow, they soon die, and when dead, are quite white. The pike, trout and maskalunge devour them without mercy; they have been caught with the remains of six white fish in them. They are caught in the straits and lakes with gill nets, seines and spears. They spawn in the straits, and about the large lakes, and as they ascend the Detroit and St. Clair Rivers in the fall to deposit their spawn, they are caught with seines. The Detroit River is thirty miles long, and in that distance there are fifty fisheries. Some time since there was as many as eight thousand caught at one haul, but they are not as numerous now. If we make a haul of two thousand we think it a large one. There are so many fishing, and the propellers and steamboats constantly running up and down the rivers, that they will continue to diminish, like the shad and other fish in the Eastern rivers. I have [illegible] part of the Detroit River [illegible] miles below Detroit, where I put white fish in as I catch them in the fall, and they spawn in it. They seem to know that they are shut in, for when the water is clear they can be seen swimming along near the pickets, on the outer and upper sides of the pond; first they will swim near the bottom, and at each round a little nearer the surface each time, until they get up to the surface of the water. They seem to be very persevering, for they will continue this round day after day, and week after week, and at each round as they come to the head of the pond, they will dart off like a flash, as much as to say I will keep trying until I get out; and soon they can be seen coming up along the pickets as before, trying to get out, like a dog or any animal shut up in a pen, hunting a place to escape at. I have kept them in this pond one year at a time, and from what I have seen and know of their habits, I am confident that some of the small inland lakes of the States could be stocked with white fish, and they would do well. The spawn could be taken from this pond in cold weather, and sent to almost any part of the States to stock the lakes, and if this was done, it would be quite an income, and a luxury, too. We cut the ice out of this pond in the winter, and they will freeze very hard in the ice in some of our clear, cold winter nights, and pack them into sleighs and wagons, and send them hundreds of miles frozen and fresh. Respectfully yours,

G. F. C.

Ecorse, Michigan.

PIGNUT GRASS.

A correspondent at Portsmouth, Virginia, says:—

"As a portion of your paper is devoted to Agriculture, may we ask the kindness of you to inquire through its columns, if any way is known to destroy what is called with us Pignut Grass. It first springs up from a small nut in the ground, and from this nut small fibres branch off, and form other nuts, so that in a short time a large space will become full of it. We can find no way of destroying it—nothing we can put on the surface will reach the nut, and it renders much of our land almost useless.

"Cutting it down avails but little, for it shoots up immediately from the same nut; we have tried deep ploughing, but this only serves to sink a portion of the roots deeper in the ground, and as soon as Spring comes, it puts forth and chokes all other vegetation. If you will make the inquiry through your valuable paper, you will confer a favor on several subscribers in this place."

Can any of our agricultural readers answer the above satisfactorily?

☞ On the voting list of the town of Northampton, Mass., are 1,060 names, of which sixty are Clark; thirty-six Smith; thirty-one Clapp; twenty-five Wright; twenty Parsons; nineteen Phelps; sixteen Gaves; thirty-one Stockwell; twelve Kingsley, and twelve Cook. Other names in proportion.

☞ The reported murder of seven persons in Virginia, is a wicked falsehood.

☞ A WHITE PARTRIDGE.—A gentleman in Hopewell township, York county, Pa., trapped, a few months ago, a partridge that was perfectly white, with all the other marks peculiar to the race. The [illegible] Press says it has been purchased by a gentleman of Baltimore.

☞ Mrs. Otto Goldschmidt, late Jenny Lind, intends to give three concerts in New York, before she leaves for Europe in May next.

☞ An elderly bookseller in Paris, one of the old-fashioned routine school, on being asked for the "New French Constitution," replied that he "did not sell *periodicals*."

☞ Mrs. Susanna Ritner, wife of Ex-Governor Joseph Ritner, died recently in the 51st year of her married life, and the 70th of her age. She was the grand-daughter of Henry Landis, one of the first settlers and Mennonist ministers in the county of Lancaster.

☞ This is the proper season for destroying the nests of the caterpillars. We are sorry to observe some have neglected their trees, which now have large numbers of cocoons hanging upon them. Almost any gardener will remove them for a few cents from each tree: for which purpose they have trimming-shears fixed to a long pole, by which they can remove them in a few minutes; so that next summer the tree will afford a handsome shade.

☞ SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.—The latest novelty in the business world is a "ladies' brokerage exchange," recently opened on Washington Street, in Boston, at which *ladies* are accommodated with loans, drafts, bills of exchange, &c., by one of their own sex.—*N. E. Farmer.*

New Publications.

CHILDREN. Their Hydropathic Management in Health and Disease. A Descriptive and Practical Work, designed as a Guide for Families and Physicians. Illustrated with numerous cases. By JOEL SHEW, M. D., author of various works on Hydropathy. New York: Fowlers & Wells. For sale by Stokes & Brother, Philadelphia.

If parents and nurses and people generally do not acquire some knowledge of the laws of health, so as to take a rational care of themselves and their children, it will not be for want of instruction. Here is another book of this kind, the circulation of which would benefit the community. It contains many judicious suggestions, and much valuable advice for the maintenance of health as well as for relief in sickness, according to the Hydropathic plan of treatment. Dr. Shew is, we believe, an able physician of that school, having an extensive practical acquaintance with disease, and, as we see by his book, sound and sensible views on the subject of health. We commend the following paragraph to the consideration of mothers who think it a question whether fashionable society, or their children, claim the first place in household arrangements.

At most seasons of the year it will be best, for two or three of the first weeks of the child's existence, to keep it altogether within doors; and I need hardly observe, that the nursery should be the best aired, the best lighted, pleasantest and most healthy part of the whole house. It is not certainly of more importance to give a young and delicate child the best possible chance for its life, which at best is sufficiently precarious, than to keep the best part of the dwelling for the purposes of showing off in society? I am heartily tired of seeing people devote the best and most healthy portions of their residences to that which is of the least possible importance.

We make a further quotation in this connection, as we think the public have not yet heard enough about

LIGHT, AS AFFECTING THE HEALTH OF CHILDREN.

Light is one of the so called life-agents, and a most important one. True, a person could live longer without it than he could without air, food, or water; but in the end, light is quite as important as any of them.

The effects of light upon the growth and well-being of the living system, are not, by many, appreciated. Children, who are more apt than adults to follow the dictates of nature and common sense, are invariably fond of going into the light. Nowadays the parlors of our ladies are often more like dungeons than pleasant rooms, and many persons practice reading, sewing and the like, in rooms so inadequately lighted that a very troublesome and sometimes permanent weakness of the eyes is brought on. The general system, too, grows pale and unnatural in color, something as would a plant under the same circumstances. A few physiological facts on this point it may not be amiss to give. According to experiments that have been made, it has been shown that if tadpoles be nourished with proper food, and be exposed to the constantly renewed contact of water, so that their respiration may be fully carried on while they remain in their fish-like condition, but be deprived entirely of light, their growth continues, but their metamorphosis into the condition of air breathing animals is arrested, and they remain in the condition of a large tadpole. So the rapidity with which water-flies, insects, etc., of pools undergo their transformations, is found to be much influenced by the amount of light to which they are exposed. If equal numbers of the eggs of the silk-worm be preserved in a dark room, and exposed to common daylight, a much larger portion of the larvæ are hatched from the latter than the former. "An infant, if deprived of Heaven's free light," says Dr. Moore, "will only grow into a shapeless idiot, instead of a beauteous and reasonable human being." And, according to this same author, "in the deep, damp gorges and ravines of the Swiss Valais, where the direct sunshine scarcely reaches, the hideous prevalence of cretinism startles the traveller. It is a strange, melancholy idiocy. Many cretins are incapable of any articulate speech; some are deaf, some blind, some labor under all these privations, and all are misshapen in almost every part of the body." Says Sir James Clark: "If we take a child of three or four years of age, in perfect health, having been born without any hereditary predisposition to disease, well-nursed, and hitherto properly nourished, let it be fed upon coarse, innutritious food, *and confined in close, ill-ventilated apartments, where neither the heat nor the light of the sun has free admission, and we shall soon see the healthy, blooming child changed into a pale, sickly, leuco-phlegmatic subject.*" It is also well-known that cows kept badly, and in dark stables, as in our large cities, soon become diseased with scrofula, and would soon die of consumption, if not sold to the butcher in the commencement of the disease. Rabbits may also be rendered tuberculous in a few weeks by feeding them poorly and confining them in a dark place. Various other examples might be given illustrative of the influence of light on the natural growth and development of living bodies.

Deformity and Disease.—It has been observed that a remarkable freedom from deformity is to be found among those nations that wear but little clothing, thus leaving the system more to the influence of light as well as air; while, on the other hand, among those that are much confined within doors, or brought up in cellars, mines, narrow and dark streets, there is an unusual tendency to deformity. Of course, these effects are more or less modified by a variety of causes; as, for instance, the want of a due circulation of pure air in dark and confined places, producing debility of the body, which always tends to deformity and disease of the worst forms; but it is demonstrably and inevitably true, that the want of light is also a prominent cause in the production of these effects. It has been stated by Sir A. Wylie (who was long at the head of the medical staff in the Russian army), that the cases of disease on the dark side of an extensive barrack at St. Petersburg, have been uniformly, for many years, in the proportion of three to one, to those on the side exposed to strong light. And in one of the hospitals, with a long range of frontage looking nearly due North and South, it has been observed that a residence in the South wards is much more conducive to the welfare of the patients, than in those on the North side of the building. From observations of the above kind, then, what practical inferences are we to make? Very plainly, the room in which the infant is reared should not be kept darkened, as mothers and nurses are so much in the habit of doing; at a proper age, and at suitable times, it should be taken into the open air and light which it so much loves, and the little girl, that so gladly spends hours in her gambols, should be gratified, and not restrained as a "romp." Let nature be more closely followed in these things, and great good will be the certain, inevitable result. I need, perhaps, here introduce a caution on too strong lights. In the deep ignorance that prevails on hygienic subjects, persons are continually committing extremes. The room of the infant is kept for days, and perhaps weeks, dark. Then, all at once, the light is admitted freely, or the infant is taken out of doors, making a great and unprepared-for change in regard to light. Beyond a doubt the eyes are often greatly injured in this way. There is likewise a very pernicious custom in the use of candle and lamp lights.—These are made bright and glaring, and left unshaded, so that the infant gazes directly at them. For children, and, indeed, persons of all ages, glaring lights should be shielded in such a way that they do not affect strongly the organs of sight. The practice which some have of waking the child suddenly, exposing to its gaze the candle or lamp, cannot be deprecated in too strong terms.

From the foregoing facts and observations, we may gather many important practical truths in regard to the management of a young child. We see how improper it is to keep a child housed up continually, as the custom with many is, particularly during the colder months of the year, at which time there is less solar light, and consequently still more need than at other seasons for sending it out freely and often into the open air. One of the healthiest children I have ever known was born in the city of New York, in the month of September, and for many months during the whole Winter following, and longer, it was carried out for a number of hours each day. It was fortunate for the child that a good and faithful nurse could be employed, whose whole business it was to aid the mother in taking care of it. She often spent almost the whole day with it out in the open air, returning at proper intervals to have it nursed and made clean. I have wished, many a time, that every mother could be possessed of the knowledge and peculiar ability which the mother of this child enjoyed. If such could be the case, we would very soon see a great reduction in the bills of infant mortality in our unhealthy metropolis.

HOOD'S OWN. Selected Papers. With Comic Illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam, 155 Broadway. For sale by Getz & Buck, and by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

This volume of Putnam's Semi-Monthly Library cannot fail to find a rapid sale. At least we hope the public know well enough what is for their own good, to lose no time in securing for themselves, when offered so cheaply and conveniently, some of Hood's exquisite humor. No man that ever lived has said more irresistibly laughable things; as a resource in illness, or low spirits from any cause, they are invaluable. Nothing sends the vapors flying so swiftly and infallibly as a good, hearty, wholesome laugh. And Hood is such a deep-hearted man, sound to the core, genial and loving,—a great harmonious nature, striking out brilliant flashes of merriment from subjects that lie too "deep for tears." If any of our readers have *yet* to make the acquaintance of Hood, they have a rich feast before them, and we advise them to set about enjoying it forthwith.

STODDARD'S PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC. Designed for the Use of Schools and Academies; Embracing Every Variety of Practical Questions appropriate to Written Arithmetic, with Original, Concise and Analytic Methods of Solution. By JOHN F. STODDARD, Principal of the University of Northern Pennsylvania, author of "The Juvenile Mental," "The American Intellectual Arithmetic," "Ready Reckoner," &c. New York: Published by Cornish, Lamport & Co. For sale by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Phila.

We have not examined this book sufficiently to give an opinion of its merits, compared with other works of the kind, but the aim of its author is good, "not to give a list of arithmetical curiosities, but to set forth the Fundamental Principles of the Science of Numbers, as employed in the every-day practical business transactions of life."

COMPANIONS OF MY SOLITUDE. By the author of "Friends in Council," "Essays written in the intervals of Business," &c. Reprinted from the English edition. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. For sale by W. P. Hazard, 178 Chesnut Street.

A most inviting book to every thoughtful reader—a perfect treasury of wise and earnest thoughts, the ripened fruit of a mind of superior order, thoroughly cultivated, acquainted with the world, and matured by much reflection and varied experience of life. We are reminded sometimes of the vigorous style and high philosophy of Emerson's Essays, sometimes of the "still sweet music of humanity" that runs through the "Reveries of a Bachelor." We give some detached extracts:

LOVE.—Oh that there were more love in the world, and then these things that we deplore could not be. One would think that the man who had once loved any woman, would have some tenderness for all. And love implies an infinite respect. All that was said or done by chivalry of old, or sung by Troubadours, but shadows forth the feeling which is in the heart of any one who loves. Love, like the opening of the Heavens to the saints, shows for a moment, even to the dullest man, the possibilities of the human race. He has faith, hope, and charity for another being, perhaps but a creation of his imagination; still it is a great advance for a man to be profoundly loving even in his imaginations. What Shelley makes Apollo exclaim, Love might well say too.

"I am the eye with which the universe
Beholds itself and knows itself divine;
All harmony of instrument or verse,
All prophecy, all medicine are mine,
All light of art or nature; to my song,
Victory and praise in their own right belong."

Indeed love is a thing so deep and so beautiful, that each man feels that nothing but conceits and pretty words have been said about it by other men.

YOUTH.—How beautiful a thing is youth—beautiful in an animal. In contemplating it, the world seems young again for us. Each young thing seems born to new hopes. Parents feel this for their children, hoping that something will happen to them quite different from what happened to themselves; else could they take all the pains they do with these young creatures, if they could believe that the young people were only to grow up into middle-aged men and women, with the usual cares and troubles descending upon them like a securely entailed inheritance? There is something fanciful in all this, and in reality a grown up person is a much more valuable and worthy creature than most young ones: but still anything that blights the young must ever be most repugnant to humanity.

JUSTICE.—You often hear a man making the somewhat simple complaint, that he only wants justice. Only justice! Why justice requires time, insight, and goodness; and you demand this in each case of the many hundreds that occur to you in the course of a year, in which your fellow-beings have some dealings with you. No justice! Look not for it till you are in a state of being for which you will hardly say that you are yet quite fit. In truth, the consideration of what a world of misunderstanding, haste, blindness, passion, indolence and private interest we are in the thick of, (perhaps the beauty of it as a world of trial,) would go some little way to cure a man from vexing the depths of his soul, because he suffers from extortion, misrepresentation, neglect, or injustice of any kind. He is on earth—and men are unjust to him. How ludicrous the complaint!

THE CHILDREN OF GUILT.—I suppose there are few things clearer to the human mind,

"to saint, to savage, and to sage,"

than that a father owes duties to his child. The dullest savages have seen that. Even Lacedæmonians, if they put off individual fatherhood, only did so by throwing it upon the community. How can a man, for a moment, imagine, that any difference of rank (a mere earthly arrangement) between the mother of his child and himself, can absolve him from paternal duties. I am lost in astonishment at the notion. And then imagine a man, performing all manner of minor duties, neglecting this first one the while. I always fancy that we may be surrounded by spiritual powers. Now, think what a horrible mockery it must seem to them, when they behold a man going to charity dinners, busying himself about flannel for the poor, jabbering about education at public meetings, immersed in different forms and ceremonies of religion, or raging against such things, because it is his duty, as he tells you; and at the door holding a link, or, perhaps, at that moment bringing home the produce of small thefts, in a neighboring, narrow alley, is his own child, a pinched-up, haggard, outcast, cunning-looking little thing. Throw down, man, the flannel and the soap, and the education and the Popery, and the Protestantism; and go up that narrow alley and tend your child; do not heap that palpably unjust burden on the back of a world, which has enough at all times of its own to bear. If you cannot find your own child, adopt two others in its place, and let your care for them be a sort of sin-offering. These are indignant words, but not more so than is right, I do believe, and I will not suppress one of them.

RAIN.—The sun came out brilliantly this morning. To be sure, there was a chilliness in the air; but if you walked about with vigor, and said it was a charming morning, it gradually became so. An eccentric friend of mine, of the Johnsonian school, maintains that all kinds of weather may be treated in a similar manner, and says that if a man will go out in the rain without any defence and pretend to know nothing about the showers, the rain will cease for him, each drop exclaiming, "It is no use raining upon that man, he does not mind it." Whether my friend has a moral meaning to this fable of his, I do not know; and, indeed, it is difficult to sound the depths of some men's humor, the deepest part of their nature.

DARIEN; OR, THE MERCHANT PRINCE. An Historical Romance. By ELIOT WARBURTON, Author of "The Crescent and the Cross," "Memories of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers," "Reginald Hastings," &c., &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

This romance will be read with double interest, from the late melancholy death of its accomplished author. It does not appear to us a skillfully contrived novel, but the admirers of "The Crescent and the Cross" will recognise the beauty of style, the luxuriant and poetical imagination, that gave them pleasure, in such elegant passages of descriptions as the following picture of a Moorish castle:

"Through some loop-holes, filled with stained glass, you might have looked down upon the court-yard below, with its great fountain, foaming in black marble, supported by four recumbent lions of the same material. The court itself was of tesselated pavement, from which porcelain steps led into the castle under a great arch. A lofty screen of stone, so delicately wrought as to resemble the work of the loom rather than of the chisel, separated the court-yard from the gardens. There, through the vistas of pomegranate and sweet lemon-trees, gleamed indistinctly flowers innumerable; especially roses of every hue and fragrance, from those of Sharon and Damascus to that delicate, pale flower of China, which seems impregnated with the breezes that linger among the tea-groves. The garden terraces rose in irregular succession, watered by many fountains and playful cascades, which at midnight made pleasant music for the nightingales. Far away, the maze of flowery brilliancy became softened by the tender foliage of Northern plants, and the rich gloom of orange groves; then it faded in the distance in the forest, which darkened over the vast wall that surrounded the whole domain."

ARCTIC SEARCHING EXPEDITION: A Journal of a Boat-Voyage through Rupert's Land and the Arctic Sea, in Search of the Discovery Ships under command of Sir John Franklin. With an Appendix of the Physical Geography of North America. By SIR JOHN RICHARDSON, C. B., F. R. S., Inspector of Naval Hospitals and Fleets, &c., &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

Travels of discovery, whether by sea or land, have always a strange fascination, especially for young people. "Northern Regions; or, The Voyages of Captain Parry, in Search of a North-West Passage," a small and familiarly-written book, was among the treasures of our boyhood, and something of the charm of that early favorite attaches to the work before us. Of course it is of a more dignified character, containing valuable statistics, tables of temperatures, and records of the progress of the seasons at various places, and there is much useful and interesting information, anecdotes illustrating the character and habits of the Indian tribes, geographical and geological particulars, &c. The Eskimo Vocabulary at the end may gratify the curiosity of those who like to investigate strange tongues.

TALES AND TRADITIONS OF HUNGARY. By THERESA PULSZKY. Redfield, Clinton Hall, New York. For sale by W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

A very attractive volume—one which will not disappoint the numerous readers it will be sure to find wherever the eloquent tongue of Kossuth has aroused an interest in his beloved Hungary. The stories that please us best are "The Castle of Zipsen," "The Free Shot," "The Golden Cross of Körösfö," "The Maid and the Genii," "The Hair of the Orphan Girl" (an Hungarian version of Cinderella), "The Rocks of Lepink," and "Klingsohr of Hungary." A lithograph portrait of Madame Pulszky embellishes the book.

TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE INSPECTORS OF THE EASTERN STATE PENITENTIARY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

In the physician's Report we observe that prominent allusion is made to solitary confinement, as a cause of insanity. This affliction appears to be a not unfrequent result of prison discipline upon weak minds, and a result for which no provision is made in this institution. The physician urges the expediency and humanity of transferring insane convicts to the State Asylum, as is done in some other States.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE WORLD'S PROGRESS. A Dictionary of Dates and Statistics. Edited by G. P. PUTNAM. New York: George P. Putnam. For sale by A. Hart, late Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

A great variety of curious and useful facts and statistics.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 411, is unusually interesting to readers of a literary taste. A review of Carlyle's Life of John Sterling, an appreciating critique of Hawthorn from the New Monthly Magazine, a notice of the Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, from the Athenæum, and of the Letters of Shelley, edited by Browning, from the Examiner, are some of its attractions.

THE WAY TO DO GOOD. By JACOB ABBOTT. Very Greatly Improved and Enlarged. With Numerous Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

This, the third and last volume, sustains the high character of the series. In some unimportant matters, marking the Puritanic bias of the author, we differ from his views; but this does not affect our hearty concurrence with the spirit of vital religion that pervades the work. The warmest terms of commendation that we could use would not be too much to express our feeling of its power to do good. In a quiet, unambitious, most practical way, it leads the attention of the reader to the serious consideration of his duties toward God and man; points out, so as to meet the experience of thousands, the ordinary stumbling blocks in the path of a virtuous life, the rocks on which good intentions suffer shipwreck; and with plain and earnest advice, guided always by the wisdom revealed in the Scriptures, seeks to lead the anxious inquirer to the one sole cure for all evil—the Great Physician. This edition of the "Young Christian Series," though a re-issue of an old and favorably received work, is the first that we have seen, and thus our impressions have the freshness and strength of a first reading. The series deserves to have a place on every family book-shelf in the land, as so much good seed scattered for the harvest of life.

THE LADIES' WREATH. Edited by HELEN IRVING. New York: J. M. Fletcher & Co.

The April No. of this Magazine is embellished with a fancy portrait "Annie Lee," and a colored "Gum Cistus." The contributors are Helen Irving, who has "A few Thoughts about Spring," full of fancy and feeling, Celia, Elizabeth G. Barber, Rula Ruby, S. C. Merrigate, &c., &c.

THE SPANGLERS AND TINGLES; or, The Rival Belles. A Tale Unveiling Some of the Mysteries of Society and Politics as they Exist at the Present Time in the United States. By J. B. JONES, author of "Wild Western Scenes," &c. Phila.: A. Hart, late Carey & Hart.

A story of modern society, from which the reader may glean some amusement, probably also some edification.

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE.—The April number of this periodical is embellished with a portrait of W. Gilmore Simms, accompanied with a short biography. The usual abundance and variety of attractive literary matter fills the book. We see that the publishers announce that "from the issue of the present April number, which completes the fifth volume, the Magazine will be blended with Harper's Monthly Magazine, and, therefore, suspended as a distinct publication."

Clippings.

THE MAN that now-a-days will write
And not prepay his letter,
Is worser than the heathens are
What don't know any better.
And if you take a fine-tooth comb,
And rake down "all creation,"
You couldn't find a meaner man
In this here mighty nation.

☞ A lady thought it would look interesting to faint away, at a party, the other evening. One of the company began bathing her temples and head with bay rum, when the lady exclaimed—"For Heaven's sake, put nothing on that will change the color of my hair!"

☞ The Harrisburg State Journal says, that the whole number of names signed to petitions, already presented to the Pennsylvania Legislature in favor of the Maine Liquor Law, is estimated at *one hundred and seventy-five thousand!*

☞ A sensible contemporary says:—"The women ought to make a pledge not to kiss a man who uses tobacco, and it would soon break up the practice. A friend of ours says they ought also to pledge themselves to kiss every man that don't use it—and we go for that, too."

☞ Porter's "patent repeating rifle," says its inventor, will discharge sixty-nine bullets in succession as fast as a watch ticks.

☞ MADE UP.—The following curious advertisement appeared in the Coeyman's *Oracle* of the 1st ult.:

"Whereas, I, Bracebridge Kuddle, through misrepresentation was induced to post my wife, Seatippes, in the papers, I now beg leave to inform the public that I have again taken her to wife, after settling our troubles in an amicable manner, so that everything as usual, goes on like clock work."

☞ It has been decided that a passenger purchasing a through ticket for less sum than is asked for a passage a shorter distance on the line of travel, has a right to get off where he pleases; a righteous decision.

☞ In Paris, in 1812, there were 1,016 persons to each medical man—in 1851, there are only 600.

☞ A good story is related of ex-Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts, that many years ago, when expostulating with a young man about drinking, and urging him to abandon the practice, the young man agreed to leave off if the Governor would leave off wearing a shirt collar. The latter agreed to the novel requisition, and in conformity with the bargain, has never worn a shirt collar since.

☞ INTO THE RAPPERS.—Imagine a "revelation" after this sort:—"I am George Washington, (or St. Paul,) released for a time from my heavenly employment, that I might attend to tipping up your kitchen table!"

☞ Beecher says that wrongs are engraved on marble, benefits on sand.

☞ Bayard Taylor, in one of his letters from Egypt, says that the colossal statue of Rameses is so large that the Turks and Arabs have cut several mill-stones from its head without any apparent diminution in its size.

☞ Let six Americans meet round a stove, in a bar-room, or parlor, or hotel drawing-room, of a morning—of the six, four will spit before speaking a word; one will bid good-morning first, and spit afterwards; the sixth will make a remark somewhat at length upon the weather, and, by way of compensation for extraordinary retention, spit twice or thrice.—*Ware.*

☞ In Sydney Smith's Sketches of Moral Philosophy, that somewhat celebrated individual says:—"A hiss is either foolish, or tremendous, or sublime. The hissing of a pancake is absurd;—the first faint hiss that arises from the extremity of the pit, on the evening of a new play, sinks the soul of the author within him, and makes him curse himself and his Thalia; the hissing of a *cobra di capello* is sublime—*it is the whisper of death!*"

☞ The Boston Post tells of a man in Maine who kept a grocery store, and when he sold a pint or half-pint of rum, always put his thumb into the measure—an enormously large thumb—and at the end of twenty years' *practice* he estimated that he had sold his thumb for at least five thousand dollars, and had it *left*, after all.

☞ SENATORS AND SAILORS.—If Congress would take the same pains to punish the short comings of the gentlemen who receive eight dollars a day as it does as the sailors who receive eight dollars a month, the public business would be more advanced, and the country would have less reason for complaint.

☞ The late fire in the baggage-car on the Pennsylvania Railroad, is supposed to have originated in a box of lucifers carried in the trunk of some foolish passenger. Passengers should be particularly careful to avoid carrying matches, except in tight metallic boxes. The loss is estimated at from $6,000 to $8,000.

☞ Somebody speaks of the people of Maine as being in the situation of the "ancient mariner" of Coleridge:

"Water, water, everywhere,
And not a 'drop' to drink."

☞ The expense of carrying on the government of the city of New York is ten thousand dollars a day. It costs half as much to get that city badly governed as it does all the thirty-one States.

☞ The father of President Fillmore is a Methodist preacher, and is at this time presiding elder in a conference district in New York.

☞ The Northampton Courier says that the man who asked Jenny Lind for ten thousand dollars, to save him from bankruptcy, hails from Belvidore, N. J., and that if it would not shock his *modesty*, it would give his name.

☞ There are now nearly thirty building associations in New York—generally in the hands, it is supposed, of the right kind of men.

POSTSCRIPT.

RIOT AT ST. LOUIS.—The Whigs were successful in the recent municipal election. A severe riot was caused by six persons, belonging to a crowd of the friends of the successful candidate, being shot from a German coffee-house. The mob completely demolished the house, and two adjoining ones, and then menaced the office of the German paper—which was saved by the presence of the military.

CONNECTICUT ELECTION.—The Democrats have carried the State—Governor and Legislature. The Whigs and Temperance men being defeated.

NEAL DOW DEFEATED.—Mr. Parris (Dem.) has been elected Mayor of Portland, Maine, over Neal Dow, by about 400 majority.

CINCINNATI.—The Democrats were successful at the municipal election—the Whigs had the majority in the last Council.

LARGE FIRES.—There have been large fires at Paducah, Ky., and Chillicothe, Ohio.

FRESHETS.—The storm has been very severe North and West—and the rivers are very high.

APRIL STORMS.—Violent storms in April are now looked for regularly every year. In 1848, on the 19th of April, there was a severe storm of wind, snow and rain. In 1849, there was, also on the 19th, one of even greater violence, with eight inches of snow. In 1850, on the 5th of April, there was a most violent storm, which may be remembered from the circumstance that the steamboat New Philadelphia, with the New York Pilot Line passengers, was driven aground in the Delaware, and could not be got off till morning. Last year, on the 16th and 17th of April, occurred a terrible storm, more severe to the Eastward than here, during which the Minot's Ledge Light House was destroyed, and much other damage done. We can scarcely expect to have got through our April storms until the 19th of April is past, for that day has usually been signalized by violent tempests.—*Bulletin.*

AUSTRALIAN GOLD.—The yield continues to surpass expectation. The amount recently received in a fortnight at Sidney and Melbourne, shows a production at the rate of $25,000,000 per annum, but this is probably beyond the ordinary supply.

☞ All the Spaniard wants in this world is sunshine and garlick. Out of every hundred men you meet with in Madrid, ninety-five are leaning against a post, while the other five are "spilling" their breath by chewing one of the most disagreeable condiments that has been discovered since skunks were invented.

☞ The marriage of Jenny Lind has given great satisfaction in Hamburg, in which city the family of Mr. Goldschmidt reside. The news preceded the arrival of his own letters, and the report was treated as a joke, until his parents received from Mr. Goldschmidt himself the tidings of its truth.

☞ A BEGGAR RELIEVED.—A beggar boy applying to a lady at Boston one day last week, for money to get a dose of castor oil, was called in, and the oil was administered *gratis*, despite his grimaces.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, April 3, 1852.

REMARKS—The unfavorable state of the weather, during the past week, has materially retarded out-of-door operations, and the muddy condition of the wharves has prevented a number of vessels from discharging their cargoes. The advices from Europe, by the steamer Canada, received on Tuesday, are unfavorable for Cotton and Breadstuffs, and prices are rather drooping. Supplies of Wheat from the interior, by the Tide Water Canal, have been coming forward freely, and prices have declined. Coffee, Sugar and Molasses have been in fair request, and prices are fully maintained. Provisions continue to come forward slowly, and prices tend upward for all descriptions. Our Hotels are crowded with merchants from the South and West, who have been more prompt than usual in liquidating old obligations, and are purchasing largely for the Spring trade. The Pennsylvania Railroad is doing an immense business. The aggregate receipts for the month of March, were much heavier than was generally anticipated. The importance of the road was never so fully appreciated as at the present time. The management is highly efficient, and affords very general satisfaction. The Money market continues abundantly supplied with capital. Banks are receiving daily additions to their already large deposits, without any corresponding enlargement of their loans and discounts. The shipments of Cotton from the South continue large, and the supply of Sterling Bills having increased the rates have declined. We quote at 109½a109¾, with a moderate inquiry.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts of Flour during the past week have been to a fair extent. There has been a moderate demand for export at the decline noted on Friday last, and 9a10,000 bbls mixed and good brands have been disposed of at $4a4,12½ per bbl for common and select brands, but mostly at $4, including half bbls at $4,37½. The sales for city consumption have been limited within the range of $4,12½a4,75 for common and extra brands, according to quality. Rye Flour continues scarce. Small sales at $3,50. Corn Meal comes in slowly. Sales of 1,200 bbls at $3,12½ per bbl for Pennsylvania, and $3,25 for Brandywine.

The following are the Inspections of Flour and Corn Meal for the week ending the 1st inst:

Flour	bbls	21,639
Rye Flour	bbls	193
Corn Meal	bbls	2,144
Do	hhds	50

GRAIN—Supplies of Wheat from the interior by Tide Water Canal, have been arriving freely, and prices are lower; sales of 35,000 bushels Pennsylvania red at 89a90c, including some at 88, and white at 90 cts per bushel. Rye is in good demand, and 3,000 bushels sold at 73c. Corn was dull, early in the week, but since there has been more inquiry. Sales of 30,000 bushels yellow at 61a61½ cts afloat, but mostly at 61½, and white at 61c. Oats are steady at 38a40 per bushel.

PROVISIONS—Supplies continue to come in slowly. Sales of 200 bbls Mess Pork at $17,50a18, and Prime at $16,25 per bbl. City packed Mess Beef is firm at $15. Bacon is in good demand, and further sales of Pickled Hams, to arrive, have been made at 9½c per lb. Sales of Shoulders at 10a12½c. Sides 9¾ a10, and Shoulders at 8½a9c. Lard has advanced; sales of bbls at 10c, and kegs at 10½a11 cts per lb, on time. Prices of Butter and Cheese are unchanged.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There is an active business doing, both among the jobbing and commercial houses, and prices are steady for most descriptions of goods.

BARK—Continues in good demand. Sales of 126 hhds No 1 Quercitron at $26,25 per ton.

BEESWAX—Continues scarce; small sales of good yellow at 25½c per lb. cash.

CANDLES—Sales of Sperm in lots at 42a43 cts; Adamantine at 19a24c, and Tallow at 9a10c per lb.

COAL—There is a good demand for the supply of Eastern markets, and supplies from the Schuylkill mines are coming forward freely. Shipments have not yet commenced from the Lehigh.

COFFEE—There has been a good demand, and prices tend upward. Sales of 2,000 bags Laguayra, mostly to go out of the market, at 9½c, and some Rio at 9½a9¾c per lb, on time.

COPPER—Limited sales of both Sheathing Copper and Yellow Metal at our former quotation.

COTTON—The market has been dull and inactive, owing to the unfavorable tenor of the Canada's advices. The demand has been limited, and the sales only amount to 600 bales. Upland at 8¾a9¼, and New Orleans at 9¼a9¾c per lb, on time.

DRUGS AND DYES—There has been but little doing. Small sales of Soda Ash at 2¼a2½c; Refined Borax 20; and Cochineal at $1 per lb.

FEATHERS—Are scarce. Sales of good Western at 38a39c per lb, cash.

FISH—There is a good demand for the supply of the country trade at steady prices. Sales of No 1 from store at $10; No 2 $9, and large No 3 at $6,50 per bbl. Codfish are scarce.

FRUIT—The market is quiet, and the sales of both foreign and domestic have been mostly in retail lots from store without change in prices.

GINSENG—Is scarce; small sales of Crude at 37½a38c per lb, cash.

GUANO—Is in good demand at $46a50 per ton for Peruvian, and $30a32 for Patagonia.

HEMP—No sales have been reported, and the market is quiet.

HIDES—An import of 3,000 Laguayra have arrived and been disposed of on terms kept private.

HOPS—Are dull, and sell only in small lots at 29a31 cts per lb for first sort.

INDIGO—Is held firmly; a small sale of Caraccas at 95c per lb, 6 mos.

IRON—The market continues dull; small sales of No 1 Anthracite at $20a21, and No 2 at $19a20 per ton, 6 mos. Scotch Pig Iron is steady at $20 per ton, 6 mos. Prices of Manufactured Iron are steady.

LEAD—The market is quiet, and no sales of Galena have come under our notice.

LEATHER—Continues in limited demand, without change in prices, and the stock is small.

LUMBER—There is no new feature to present in the market, except that supplies are beginning to come forward more freely.

MOLASSES—The market has been quiet, and prices are steady. Sales of 300 hhds Cardenas and Matanzas at 17½a18c, and Porto Rico at 24a26 cts, on time.

NAVAL STORES—Spirits of Turpentine is steady at 42a44c per gallon for large and small lots. Prices of Rosin, Tar and Pitch are unchanged. A sale of the latter at $1,87½ per bbl.

OILS—There is a good demand for Fish Oils. Sales of Crude Whale at 65a67c, and Winter Sperm at $1,40 per gallon. In Lard Oil no change. Linseed Oil sells in lots at 63c.

PLASTER—Is scarce. We quote soft at $3,75 per ton.

RICE—There has been a fair demand, and 140 casks sold in lots at 3¼a3½c per lb, on time.

SALT—There has been no arrivals or sales since our last weekly report and prices are unchanged.

SEEDS—There is more Cloverseed coming in, and prices are lower. Sales of good and prime quality at $4,50 per 64 lbs. In Timothy nothing doing. We quote Flaxseed at $1,30a1,35 per bushel.

SPICES—No sales worthy of notice have transpired.

SPIRITS—Prices of Brandy and Gin are steady. N. E. Rum sells at 27c. Whiskey has been in limited request at 21c in both hhds and bbls.

SUGAR—There has been a good demand, and prices are well maintained. Sales of 500 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico at 4¾a6c per lb, on time, and 2,000 bags Brazil on private terms. The stock is now materially reduced.

TALLOW—Small sales of Rendered at 7¼a7½ cts per lb.

TEAS are in fair request at steady prices.

TOBACCO—Prices are firm for both Leaf and Manufactured, but the sales are only in retail lots.

WINES—The sales have been only in small lots.

WOOL—The market continues dull. The manufacturers purchase only for the supply of their immediate wants, and prices are in favor of the buyers. Sales of 60,000 lbs within the range of our former quotations.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool are steady at 2s per bbl for Flour, ¼d for Cotton, and 7½ for Grain. Colliers are in good demand at $1,60a1,70 per ton to Boston, $1,35 to Rhode Island, and $1 to New York.—*Inquirer.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, April 5.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,200 head. Beeves are selling from $7,00 to 8,50 per 100 lbs. Hogs—About 600 head in market, and sold from $7,00 to 7,50 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 100 in market, and sold at prices ranging from $13 to 38. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2,50 to 4½; the latter from $2,00 to 3, according to quality.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, below Chestnut,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Southworth's story of "The Curse of Clifton," we say Jean, "and Mrs. Lee Hentz's "Eoline"; or, Magnolia Vale," we design commencing

VIOLA; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Viola will be a companion novelet to Mr. Bennett's very popular "Prairie Flower," through the interest will be separate and distinct.

These will seem but time for the "Old Man's" original novelet—written expressly for the Post—

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,

which will be distinguished by the peculiar characteristics of our gentleman's pen.

After all these are gone, we shall be at a loss to imagine a story, but we are again ready for a new work by Mrs. Southworth, entitled

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON;

A TALE OF AMBITION AND RETRIBUTION.

What will some in the way of fiction after the above, we have not yet determined. We think the novelets enclosed a sufficient and full bill of fare to commence proceedings upon.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the best articles selected and copied in the Eclectic Repository, together with the Cream of New York Literature, Literary and Theatrical News, &c., &c.,—hoisting at no reasonable expense all that is the variety and interest to our columns, and make them worthy of a first-class paper, and of any great circulation.

And in view of all our efforts for the substantial and instruction of our readers, may we not expect a continuance of the favor of the public? Steadily interest heretofore shown in our behalf, and encouraged us only by words, but by deeds to extend the circulation of the Post. Our terms are very moderate—as moderate in fact as a first-class paper can be established and sold. We might, we grant, take our inside matter at second-hand, half-price, from some other first paper; or procure our stories for nothing, from unknown, mainly-poorly writers with sentimental brains, instead of calling upon the talents as Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Lee Hentz, Mr. Neal, Mrs. Ellet, &c., &c., but we have thus far not compelled to pursue such a wretched course. Our object is to pay liberally, and have a first class paper, knowing that the public fully understand that a poor paper is not worth the sheet it is printed upon, and is therefore dear at any price.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 8th, the Chair laid before the Senate a communication from the Secretary of War, in reply to a resolution of the Senate, calling for information in relation to the Cumberland road, stating that the amount that the charges are on the line of that Department, as the Commissioner of Public Works, pertaining to that Department.

Mr. Shields presented petitions in favor of grants of land to Wisconsin for railroad purposes in that State.

Mr. Bell presented a petition of citizens of Tennessee, praying for the passage of a law to provide for the payment of the claims of the State of Tennessee for moneys advanced for the defence of the frontier during the Indian wars.

Mr. Mason said he would not object.

Mr. Bell moved to take up the bill.

The motion was carried by a vote of 27 to 14, as follows:

YEAS—Messrs. Adams, Atchison, Badger, Bayard, Borland, Chalmers, Clemens, Dawson, Dodge of Iowa, Downs, Fitzpatrick, Hamlin, Houston, Hunter, Jones of Iowa, Mason, Pearce, Rusk, Sebastian, Shields, Soulé, Stuart, Sturgeon, Underwood, Walker, Whitcomb.

NAYS—Messrs. Bell, Bright, Clay, Dodge, of Wisconsin, Felch, Foote, Gwin, Norris, Pratt, Seward, Smith, Wade, Weller.

Mr. Seward presented a petition, praying that Congress would grant to the State of Wisconsin a grant of land.

Mr. Dawson asked if the Senator believed that Congress had any such power.

Mr. Seward replied that he considered the petition as he did all other petitions—he believed that every citizen had the right to petition.

Mr. Mason moved to lay it on the table, which was also carried—Yeas 30, nays 9 viz.

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NAYS—Messrs. Bell, Bright, Clay, Clemens, Foot, Hale, Seward, Smith, Wade.

Mr. Hale presented three petitions praying a repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law. Among them was one which he said was given for the repeal of the law by the signatures of 1,500 men, 1,500 out of the 2,000 who had been made citizens in case of conviction, to what was given in case of acquittal.

Mr. Mason said that he felt indignant at the petition. He hoped the day was past when the judges of the United States would be subjected to the vote of the people.

Mr. Hale said that some two years ago the Senator from Virginia had said that the Fugitive Slave law was unknown, mainly-passive. Mr. Mason, he thought, they would not again object to the reception of these petitions, which he presumed generally signed, he expected they were objected to now.

Mr. Mason said he had no objection that he had but he did think that now was the time to present all the sentiments that now exist, and now, it was likely he had said so. He did not wish to object to the petition; but if the Senate called on him to vote, he would vote against its reception. By saying this he would not interpose objections, as he had already said, to the reception of any petition of any citizen on the subject.

Mr. Mangum's motion was then agreed to.

Mr. Adams, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, reported a bill to indemnify the master and owners of the Spanish schooner Enterprise for the loss of her cargo, to be made the special order for the 5th of April.

The bill was read, and passed to a third reading.

Mr. Bell moved that the bill for the improvement of the Cumberland river, the 6th of April.

Mr. Hale asked for a division of the question, as he was being done, the bill was postponed till 25th April. The question was then put on the special order for the 6th of April, and carried—Yeas 31, nays 9.

Mr. Mason asked if the bill would now go on the Calendar.

The Chair said not until 30th of April.

Mr. Mason said he would not persevere. The bill was reconsidered and then the motion to postpone it to the 6th of April was put and taken by yeas and nays on the Calendar.

Mr. Hunter offered a resolution, which was agreed to, requesting the Secretary of War to inform the Senate whether any of the navy officers have been employed in the service of Texas, or in the expedition of Lopez, while vessels of the navy were employed in connection with those of other persons contracting for the same things, to be employed in the same way and service. Also, the names of said officers, making and instructing such contracts, and whether such officers have been ordered to such cruise by the Department.

Mr. Hunter offered a resolution, which was agreed to, directing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill making it penal in an officer of the United States to become concerned in or take an interest, directly or indirectly, in any contract in relation to the procurement or supplies for the public service.

Mr. Mallory offered a resolution, which was agreed to, that the Committee on Foreign Relations inquire into the propriety of authorizing the President of the United States to ask an investigation into the recent piratical Spanish outrages on citizens of the United States, and to demand indemnity for the same, and also to take such other steps as may be necessary to prevent the recurrence of such violence in the State of Florida, growing out of the Cuban expedition, and authorizing the President to make prompt indemnity for such losses.

The Chair laid before the Senate the Civil Bill was then taken up. After the reading of the bill,

Mr. Mason moved to strike out the consideration of the vote rejecting the 3d of April. He opposed the motion, on the ground that it was a matter of no importance.

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Selected Poetry.

LAND-OWNER AND BRAIN-OWNER.

BY C. F. GRANGE.

We rode together o'er the fields that shaped down to the river;
I had the blood of noble stock—the Hoyt wealth had he.
Our rich domains that should have been my own, we rode around and viewed,
He pointed out my ancestral nooks, my forefathers' shady;
The fields, the woods, the restive rain, were his by law alone.
I was the landless wanderer—he had the title-deed—
I with the poet's love took all the landscape's beauty freed.
He needed to see his fields of grain, and cattle wandering on hills,
He used but for he Nature—as could sympathize:
With books to read, with verse to read that looked through Nature's every eye.
Wisdom and humanity and high worth to him were idolatries vain.
And shattered had its central dreams about his coffer-watched brain.
Old man! your treachery and gold proved stronger than my right,
And I was thrown on the world alone to struggle to the right.
But though my boyhood's early dreams bore stir like burning fire—
And I could feel and kiss the ground where fresh my honored sire—
I would not, with my strong free heart if ever cast in my lonely
For all the miser gold that crushes your poor souls to earth.
Take, take my castle and my fields, my woods and streams and valleys,
You cannot rob me of their light—those beauty, those purity dreams;
You cannot take my hopes—my pride of fantasy and fancy.
The consciousness of truth in man—this wealth you cannot buy;
But even the name should be obscured, my ancestors' memory live.
I'll wear a shield with argent field, no lion can strike obscure.
I seek no hereditary more pure than honest brain and hands.
And the true nobility, sealed from all times and lands;
Harvey—I envy not your lot, bound to a sordid sire;
Your gold can never be to me worldly—your soul is honored name.
A student life may never fall—a ghost shall haunt your rooms,
Whose words and gestures you rip their dream glooms.
I see you sinking o'er your hearth—a prey to insomnia fates,
And wandering like a leafless tree, while fall your fruits—Strange young years—
The past shall yield no comfort, the future breathe a sigh.
And in the harvest that thickens o'er your heart, the dove shall die.
I leave thee to thy joyless lot. I'd not exchange with thee;
Though all the gold of Eastern lands were offered here to me.
And now farewell—so long farewell—no hand pressure—kind adieu!
I fold a vision to my heart, that never, never fades.
The world is wide—I'll find my home in the love-heart of youth.
I'll wear a shield with argent field—my simple motto, Truth.

New York Tribune.

Selected Articles.

A SINGULAR STORY.

[The following curious narrative, told as he has strictly true, is from the March number of the Water Cure Journal. Its incidents will remind the readers of the Scottish second sight, of which we have many examples:]

I was at school, a dozen student, a young, ambitious lad of sixteen, somewhat homespun, but strong in the faculties, and consuming with passion. My face father was sick, and gradually undergoing the most distressing change under the shallow thicker coils Dropsy. It was a stormy day in January; the snow had fallen two feet deep, and the wind blew a hurricane that unless disturb. My father had written me that he *thought* he was sick; he wished to have me by my side—he wished to give me information after instruction not to forget my duties to him in the future—to his wife—to me. He could not have said it. I could not—I never can forget him or me. Death! I could not, I would not believe it. He lives in his memories, full of wisdom and experience, and in his memories, through wide observation and varied experience, constituting single experience; in his private life, which never deviated, as a good man's should be; in the true manner, which were very few men. His wife—my mother—the ever growing out of a feeling that he might, at any time, "cross over" and in girl to me, as I was, was natural, but not necessary. But his neighbor with whom he lived for the publishing of books, as I have said, on *foot*. Weary walk, this struggling with a stubborn snow drift, and when I reached our door I thought my body would give out completely—but it did not. I accomplished it.

I ate my supper, chatted awhile with my cousins, and went to bed in my old bedroom. My father and mother I left sitting in the sitting-room, seated at my arrival, and poured out tea.

I fell asleep—awoke, and arose and dressed myself, and went into the kitchen, and found my mother by the fire and mother. They looked surprised, inquired why I had left my bed.

I said I, "Has nobody been in here since went to bed?"

"No."

"Why nobody been trying to injure you, father? Has no one demanded money of you?"

"No."

"Well," replied I, "there will somebody come, and that is why I have left my bed; at least, I have dreamed there would, and the dream is so fixed in my mind, that it seems reality."

My father smiled as if incredulous, yet as though he wished no braver swiftster defender than his boy. At that instant, my mother, a very cautious, timid soul, left the chair she sat in, and stepping to it, as I supposed, to inquire who would disturb me, was startled, stopped, opened the door, and in came a terrible gust of wind and snow, and a tall, dark man blustering, and with them marched in a woman.

She walked halfway from the door to the fire, when she halted, and I remember how she took her shawl up by pennons. I saw this at sat a glance, for the creature of my dream. I knew I was destined to a struggle, but I grew in strength as I looked at my dear father and mother. Both, a shade, turned pale, as I met the fire, and seated herself with her face in the shadow. I felt my spirit appeared to give me attention to her.

"Who are you?" inquired my father.

"What is that to you?" said she.

"Everything, if you are to stay in my house; nothing, if you are not."

"What if I will not tell you?"

"Then you must leave the house!"

"Leave the house!" exclaimed she, "I should like to see any body here try to put me out!"

"What if I call my men and throw you out neck and heels?"

"You have not got any men; they have all gone home."

"How do you know?"

"I inquired at the last house on the road before I came to this; it is Saturday night, and I was told your laborers all went home Saturday night, and they lived about."

I glanced at my father; he was pale, but his courage stood not a whit. He was helplessness able to get rid of his guest by force, and he seemed strange occurrences, for he had received not less than fourteen hundred dollars that very week from his large wheat sales, and he saw what was before him. This bag was either a decoy, or a real robbery, whose object was robbery. I could see all this was rapidly passing through my father's mind, but it did not how him the ninth part of an inch. So I sat still, as if I understood nothing, for a few seconds; the bag had an old quilted hood and old bombazine cloak, which came to her feet, and was belted about her waist.

"You are a woman?" said father.

"Of course I am; what do you ask that question for?"

"Have you a husband?"

"Yes."

"Where does he live?"

"In Truxton."

"Well, then, if you have a husband, why do you not live at home instead of going about at such nights as this alone—a night fit only for ghosts to be abroad?"

"Why don't you set the North River on fire?" said she, leaping from her chair and springing towards my father, at the back side of my chair, and blazing through her teeth. "I'll teach you why I am here." My mother screamed and father; my fatherhood an ineffectual attempt to get out of the way, but instantly yielded, resolved to take what awaited him; and I was out of my seat as quick as the bag, and as she gained me she her way to grapple my father I struck her with my fist a blow under the ear, which, for her size felt curious head, would have knocked her down; as it was, it staggered her, gave me time to get the chair-back out of the way, and gather myself for a fight. She recovered, and looking at me for a moment, said, as if in soliloquy, "Oh! you choose to come my track, do you? Well, d—n me if I do not soothe you pretty quickly," and thrusting her hand into her cloak, made as if she would draw a dagger. The motion hindered me; it brought fear to my life; I struck her a blow that would have done well fighting; she let her dagger go and clenched my fist, and I struck her with the left, and she seized me, and, mate, to strength, and that my skill which enabled me to contend with her, she also a wrestler, must save me. I had learned pugilism of a clever English teacher, and at wrestling, to this day, I am a match for any man of my size, when I felt the grips, that I was dealing with a man. I felt that my father and mother were relying on me, and I grew strong, as I believed. We tussled, grasped and let go, struck and parried, clenched and wrestled, till after various attempts was forced everywhere to the outside door, and I said, "I got you now, you d—d murder arm," and I lifted *him*—for it is to be remembered that my big, brave man by second look of me, I told him to take himself out of the house or I would throw him out. Shoulder on hook, a big, I latched it, to break its bones, to be untouched his cloak—it had become subject of the struggle—and leaped up like a cat. His back was turned to me, and I was about to strike him before he was buttoned, staggered and fell backward, and I struck him as he fell, struck him again—called on my mother to open the door, and as she did, I pushed him and kicked him out into the snow-drift, and the death of me. I told him to take himself out of the house or I would throw him out. He struck me a big, I latched it, to break its bones, to be untouched his cloak—it had become subject of the struggle—and leaped up like a cat. His back was turned to me, and I was about to strike him before he was buttoned, staggered and fell backward, and I